

to see that everything was going on right.) Brown had got his microscope in position, and was ready and eager for the fray. Smith had his spectroscope (a binocular one of very excellent make) mounted on an ingenious wooden stand which he had specially constructed—not from any pattern, but out of his own head. And Jones—

Now, you will remember I said all along that whatever trouble might occur, whatever disaster might happen, whatever of failure might ensue, Jones would be at the bottom of it. He had got his photometer in a dark tent (he said the wind didn't affect it there, but it was a very needless precaution because there wasn't a breath of wind), and had been fumbling about it ever since we came up.

Well, just as I came up to the tent after inspecting the other members of the commission, Jones rushed out with a very white face, and breathlessly explained that he couldn't get the confounded thing to work. I said I knew he wouldn't be able to all along. Jones retorted that no man could lay over him in working photometers, but there was something wrong in the construction of this one.

Time, however, did not permit of our bandying words, so we all bolted into the tent in order to fix up the machine. We all knew exactly how to do it, but didn't want to be greedy about it, so, after a heated discussion Brown was elected to try his hand, while we gave the benefit of our advice. Jones said he didn't know exactly what the trouble was, but the thing wouldn't work anyway. Brown said it would be necessary to turn it over and work from the bottom. I said it was not my affair anyway, but if Brown attempted to turn it over without first taking out the sensitive plate there would be trouble in the camp. Jones said any man not an absolute fool would know there wasn't any sensitive plate wanted at an eclipse, except in the spectroscope. I replied calmly that there should be one, that I never saw it without one, and you can't get on unless you have one. Brown said he never saw one like this before, but it was all right, you didn't want it with this kind. So he went on with his work. Of course before we let Brown make any fresh move a council of war was held with regard to it, and sometimes we got rather excited. However, at last Brown got through fixing it, and said there was nothing wrong with the photometer so far as he could see. He then explained to Jones the nature and uses of the machine, said Jones was guilty of quixotic folly in using a dark tent when there was not the remotest danger of wind, and concluded by saying that whenever there was a possibility of doing a wrong thing Jones had done it. Jones said he hadn't, and we knew nothing about it. Brown said Jones was quite incapable of understanding the higher needs of a photometer.

Here Jones, I grieve to say, called Brown a liar—

After pulling Brown off Jones, and setting the latter in the corner of the tent, with threats that murder would be done if he attempted further to stay the onward march of science, Robinson and Smith assisted Brown to repair damages, and I picked up the photometer which had been thrown to the ground during the struggle, and got the blamed thing so that it would work, while at the same time I delivered a strong moral lecture to the delinquent Jones. After satisfying myself that at last the photometer was all right, I sternly commanded Jones to attend to the instrument if he thought he was equal to it. Jones said he could work it as well as any one if he wasn't interfered with by ignorant fools. Here Brown manifested symptoms of a desire for renewed conflict, so I ordered everyone to his post. "Duty," said I, "comes first. Let us now, gentlemen, forget our quarrels, and proceed to solve the hitherto insoluble problems that have been left for solution to the Special Com-

mission of the Jonesville Literary and Scientific Association." Then we all shook hands, our feuds forgotten in a grand burst of scientific ardor. Jones returned to the photometer, and the rest of us left the tent.

While the others were bending to their work I looked at the sun. The eclipse had not yet commenced, so Jones had after all less to answer for than I thought.

Smith interrupted my observation to ask me the time. He said his spectroscope, if we were to have really astronomical accuracy, ought to be timed, and his watch was wrong. We all pulled out our watches—

Alas for our dreams of scientific renown! It was two o'clock! The eclipse was over!



THE GRIT ON HIS WAY TO THE INDIGNATION MEETING.



THE GRIT AFTER HAVING WORKED OFF HIS INDIGNATION.

GRIP'S MUSINGS.

It is a very common thing to hear amateur Garricks, Keans, etc., spoken of as "very promising actors." GRIP has no earthly objection to their promising, but he does wish that some of them could be prevailed upon not to perform.

It may sound rather paradoxical, but it is none the less true, that there are some people such terrible prevaricators that they do not even believe the contrary of what they say.

The best and most efficient manner of being revenged on a fool is to wait some time before telling him of his follies.

Well, well: the gall of some people is sublime! Listen to what the *Ham. Times* says: "Toronto has taken a leaf out of Hamilton's book. The Board of Health met yesterday, and appointed six sanitary inspectors. 'Clean the city' was the edict sent forth, and not before time." Oh dear, yes! take a leaf out

of Hamilton's book, indeed! Of course the Ambitious City is a model of cleanliness, but how about that old hospital sewer down at the foot of John Street? Phew!

Young man, (and young woman also,) you must be very careful how you trust in those persons of whom you never heard any ill. This maxim is worthy of Solomon.

Now, how does this strike you? We frequently hear the modern stage decried as being an immoral instead of a moral agent, don't we? Well, but has it not always been said that the Stage should be the mirror in which society is reflected? Seems it has.

SCENE AT OTTAWA.

Sir Hector.—(to Sir John).—Saire, you have gone and acted him!

Sir John.—Acted him?

Sir Hector.—Ze Angleesh is von language of ze horsc. I shall nevaire learn him. I intend to make ze expression zat you have gone and done him!

Sir John.—Done whom?

Sir Hector.—Done no von. Done ze whole Nord-Ouest—it is ruin—it is destroy! My compatriots zey have been compel to insurrect—zaire rights are not respect—zaire is ze legions of ze *sacre* Ontario move upon zom—zey will be butcher wizout mercy. I tell you zis repeatedly—often—ever—everytime all ze day! You care nozing—you are ze Old Tomorrow which arrive not no-time nevaire; you give ze Nord-Ouest to ze incapable hanger-on—ze speculataire—you turn ze Metis into ze sewes—

Sir John.—Couldn't. None there.

Sir Hector.—I will not endure ze sarcasm—it is quite misposition here. I have call a meeting of my compatriots in ze House—we will make von coalition—we will act *solidairement*—you shall be dismiss into ze outer darkness, where you shall gnash ze teeth—

Sir John.—No you don't. Lost all mine.

Sir Hector.—I shall go this moment. Zaire is no use in support you no way—no prospect—you will be turn out next election *certainement*.

Sir John.—Keep cool. Not a bit of it. Besides, talk of butcheries—so far, it's only Ontario men are getting hurt; you don't object to that? As soon as Middleton gets the upper hand, we'll temper justice with mercy—grant a general amnesty—make all square with the half-breeds, and manage Riel as we did before.

Sir Hector.—Nonsense. You would be turn out. Remember, ze next election approach wiz ze rapid wing.

Sir John.—Let him wing. No matter. We shall go in. The Franchise Act will settle all that. Barristers of my appointment shall fix the list of voters—strike off Grit names—put on Tory ones—carry all the polls at a swoop. Won't let the other fellows vote, my boy. There you are.

Sir Hector.—Zey will appeal.

Sir John.—Read the Act. No appeal allowed.

Sir Hector.—Zat might do. But—

Sir John.—There's no but. They can't even get a copy of the lists without paying twenty or thirty dollars unless they're printed. We won't have 'em printed. See? They can't lodge an exception but within a few hours, and on the same day. Well, court adjourns immediately, by accident, of course. They can't lodge an exception at all. See? We shall go in next time by the biggest majority known. There won't be a big vote polled, indeed, because the Grits shan't vote, not much, only enough to make a contest. Greatest thing out.

Sir Hector.—Saire John, you are ze great statesman. I see de ray of light.

Sir John.—Come and have a drink; you'll see two. (Scene closes.)